

TAMBURLAINE,

AND OTHER VERSES

BY JOHN REED

Ralph Chaplin

8

Cell 28

Feb 2nd

1918

COOK COUNTY JAIL
CHICAGO

TAMBURLAINE

*Five Hundred copies of John Reed's Tamburlaine
and Other Verses were printed at HILLACRE, Riv-
erside, Connecticut, during the month of July, 1917.*

50 COPIES ON NORDELING HAND-MADE PAPER

450 COPIES ON UTOPIAN LAID PAPER

TAMBURLAINE

AND OTHER VERSES

BY
JOHN REED



HILLACRE
MCMXVII

Copyright, 1917, By John Reed

TO MY MOTHER

Foreword

These few verses are chosen from among the best by-products of six happy and exciting years mainly devoted to other things than writing poetry. One of them, "October" was written as long ago as 1906, and several of the others while I was in college. This volume, then, must be considered a combination of a First Book of Verse, and a collection of Juvenilia,—such as is laboriously dug up by the literary executors of celebrated bards after they are dead. I prefer not to take any chances of that. My only other excuse for inflicting the book upon the public is the irrepressible enthusiasm of my good friend Frederick C. Bursch, maker of beautiful books.

Acknowledgements are due to The Harvard Monthly, The Pacific Monthly, The American Magazine, The Century, The Outing, Sunset, The New Republic, Poetry, and The Masses.

John Reed.

*43 Washington Square, New York
November 1, 1916*

TAMBURLAINE

An Organ Prelude

A VOICELESS shaking of the air . . .
Then a low shuddering of sound
Vibrant, thunderous, like the profound
Pulsation of great wings. O rare —
In the high-vaulted transept's gloom
Wakes sonant echoing, and the deep
Tone-breakers gather ponderously and leap
From beam to beam, like sullen boom
Of lazy summer thunder. *See!*
On the bare rock-rimmed Scythian plain
The swarthy shepherd Tamburlaine . . .
Swells the great organ suddenly
Steady, glorious, like a galleon flinging
Leeward the roaring foam — and swift
The soaring organ-voices lift,
Terrible as a Crusade singing!
"Tamburlaine! Tamburlaine! Tamburlaine!
Doom of the world's Emperors!
O living Pestilence of Wars,
Thou art God's Scourge, O Tamburlaine!"
Loosed are the shrill, the high pipes' throats,
Joyful the bright gold trumpets blare,
Brazen his monstrous armies flare,
Ruthless his red gonfalon floats!
War! Full-throated, the shattering
Great pipes tumultuous give tongue —
Each bar a butchered city sung,
And every chord a slaughtered king!
The flame of cities has scorched God's face,
Murder has made a marsh of the world
Purged with destruction — and down-hurled
Rot the world's tyrants. . . . Lo! the bass:
"God's lash is bloody, Tamburlaine.

*Break, heart — die, Emperor of Kings,
Tool of divine and awful things
Too near to godhead, Tamburlaine!"*
Falls like a sea-wind at sundown
The full-toned sonorous battle-chant;
Yet the sound-surf reverberant
Rolls the dim-springing nave adown,
Rolls thunderous — subsiding — low —
*In a burnt, treeless land where loom
The world's high mountains, lies a tomb—
Vibrant the shuddering tremolo—
A tomb half hid with drifting sand,
Nameless—in Samarkand. . . .*

SANGAR

To Lincoln Steffens

SOMEWHERE I read a strange, old, rusty tale
Smelling of war; most curiously named
"The Mad Recreant Knight of the West."
Once, you have read, the round world brimmed with
hate,
Stirred and revolted, flashed unceasingly
Facets of cruel splendor. And the strong
Harried the weak . . .

Long past, long past, praise God
In these fair, peaceful, happy days.

The Tale:

Eastward the Huns break border,
Surf on a rotten dyke;
They have murdered the Eastern Warder
(His head on a pike.)
"Arm thee, arm thee, my father!
"Swift rides the Goddes-bane,
"And the high nobles gather
"On the plain!"

"O blind world-wrath!" cried Sangar,
"Greatly I killed in youth,
"I dreamed men had done with anger
"Through Goddes ruth!"
Smiled the boy then in faint scorn,
Hard with the battle-thrill;
"Arm thee, loud calls the war horn
"And shrill!"

He had bowed to the voice stentorian,
Sick with thought of the grave—
He has called for his battered morion
And his scarred glaive.
On the boy's helm a glove

Of the Duke's daughter—
In his eyes splendor of love
And slaughter.

Hideous the Hun advances
Like a sea-tide on sand;
Unyielding, the haughty lances
Make dauntless stand.
And ever amid the clangor,
Butchering Hun and Hun,
With sorrowful face rides Sangar
And his son . . .

Broken is the wild invader
(Sullied, the whole world's fountains;)
They have penned the murderous raider
With his back to the mountains.
Yet tho' what had been mead
Is now a bloody lake,
Still drink swords where men bleed,
Nor slake.

Now leaps one into the press—
The Hell 'twixt front and front—
Sangar, bloody and torn of dress
(He has borne the brunt.)
"Hold!" cries "Peace! God's Peace!
"Heed ye what Christus says —"
And the wild battle gave surcease
In amaze.

"When will ye cast out hate?
"Brothers— my mad, mad brothers!
"Mercy, ere it be too late,
"These are sons of your mothers.
"For sake of Him who died on Tree,
"Who of all Creatures, loved the Least,"—

"Blasphemer! God of Battles, He!"
Cried a priest.

"Peace!" and with his two hands
Has broken in twain his glaive.
Weaponless, smiling he stands
(Coward or brave?)
"Traitor!" howls one rank, "Think ye
"The Hun be our brother?"
And "Fear we to die, craven, think ye?"
The other.

Then sprang his son to his side,
His lips with slaver were wet,
For he had felt how men died
And was lustful yet;
(On his bent helm a glove
Of the Duke's daughter,
In his eyes splendor of love
And slaughter) —

Shouting, "Father no more of mine!
"Shameful old man — abhorr'd
"First traitor of all our line!"
Up the two-handed sword.
He smote — fell Sangar — and then
Screaming, red, the boy ran
Straight at the foe, and again
Hell began . . .

Oh, there was joy in Heaven when Sangar came.
Sweet Mary wept, and bathed and bound his wounds,
And God the Father healed him of despair,
And Jesus gripped his hand, and laughed and laughed . . .

A DEDICATION

To Max Eastman

THERE was a man, who, loving quiet beauty best
Yet could not rest.

Attuned to the majestic rhythm of whirling suns,
That chimes and runs

Through happy stillnesses — birth in the dawn, and stark
Love in the dark;

The unconquerable semen of the world, that mounts
and sings

Through endless springs,

And the dumb death-like sleep of the winter-withered hill
That warms life still;

There was a man, who, loving quiet beauty best,
Yet could not rest

For the harsh moaning of unhappy humankind,
Fettered and blind —

Too driven to know beauty and too hungry-tired
To be inspired.

From his high, windy-peaceful hill, he stumbled down
Into the town,

With a child's eyes, clear bitterness, and silver scorn
Of the outworn

And cruel mastery of life by senile death;

And with his breath

Fanned up the noble fires that smoulder in the breast
Of the oppressed.

What guerdon, to foreswear for dust and smoke and this
The high-souled bliss

Of poets in walled gardens, finely growing old,
Serene and cold?

A vision of new splendor in the human scheme —

A god-like dream —

*And a new lilt of happy trumpets in the strange
Clangor of Change!*

TO MY FATHER

THAT all this lordly pageantry shall glow
When we are gone! That ever the slow
Unchanging earth shall blunder into space
Magnificent with stars! I shall forget your face—
But day and night, like ocean-waves upcurled,
Rhythmic shall foam upon the world.
O wonder, wonder, wonder!
These mantled mountains crowned with thunder,
That diadem of peaks across the East
Where his eyes rested—nought of these has ceased;
And the serene sea-wind of summer nights
Is a cool hand in lovers' hair. (Ah lights
That now are darkness to him!) Flowers and flowers
Rose after rose; high, heavy-scented, towers
The royal magnolia; and the golden-glow,
That had not bloomed before we missed him so,
Is now a yellow flame.

Calm he lies there,
In the brave armor he alone could bear,
With a proud shield of Honor at his side,
And a keen sword of Wit. And when the tide
Mysterious—when the swift, exultant Spring
Thrills all this hillside with awakening,
Wild-flowers will know and love him, blossoming.

A HYMN TO MANHATTAN

O LET some young Timotheus sweep his lyre
Hymning New York. Lo! Every tower and spire
Puts on immortal fire.

This City, which ye scorn
For her rude sprawling limbs, her strength unshorn —
Hands blunt from grasping, Titan-like, at Heaven,
Is a world-wonder, vaulting all the Seven!
Europe? Here's all of Europe in one place;
Beauty unconscious, yes, and even grace.
Rome? Here all that Rome was, and is not;
Here Babylon — and Babylon's forgot.
Golden Byzantium, drunk with pride and sin,
Carthage, that flickered out where we begin . . .
London? A swill of mud in Shakespear's time;
Ten Troys lie tombed in centuries of grime!
Who'd not have lived in Athens at her prime,
Or helped to raise the mighty walls of Rome?
See, blind men! Walls rise all about you here at home!
Who would not hear once more
That oceanic roar
"Ave! Ave Imperator!"
With which an army its Augustus greets?
Hark! There's an army roaring in the streets!
This spawning filth, these monuments uncouth,
Are but her wild, ungovernable youth.
But the skyscrapers, dwarfing earthly things —
Ah, that is how she sings!
Wake to the vision shining in the sun;
Earth's ancient, conquering races rolled in one,
A World beginning — *and yet nothing done!*

THE FOUNDATIONS OF A SKYSCRAPER

AHASTLY the pit with thousand-candle flares
Sharp as a sword—white, cold and merciless.
Bared to the world, the rock's swart nakedness—
Shadows, and mouths of gloom, like dragon's lairs;
Thunder of drills, stiff spurting plumes of steam,—
Shouts and the dip of cranes, the stench of earth,—
Blinded with sweat, men give a vision birth,
Crawling and dim, men build a dreamer's dream.

Clamor of unknown tongues, and hiss of arc
Clashing and blending; screech of wheel on wheel,—
Naked, a giant's back, tight-muscled, stark,
Glimpse of mighty shoulder, etched in steel.
And over all, above the highest high,
A phantom of fair towers in the sky.

PYGMALION

P*YGMALION, Pygmalion, Pygmalion—*
A mountain meadow loved Pygmalion.
Where a great shining rock like a fallen shield
Lay heavily in tall grass, he rested once.
Long did it hold the pulsing warmth of his body.
And the apple-tree that shaded him, remembered him;
Grass that was new-born trembled under his feet—
Old withered grass felt green beneath his feet—
And the wide view that sank like sleep after pain
Miles over toppling hills to the wide, still river,
Robed itself in opal, golden and haze for him.

While the sun's shadow stood between light and light
He came, paused, and was gone. Though never, never
In the world's old contentment had there passed
Before him any human in this place,
Yet lonely were the rock, the tree, the grass.
Longing of the starved heart for a lover gone,
When all is as before, and yet how empty!

White moved his body, crushing the ferns in the valley,
And his happy singing died along far roads;
But love followed after him—flickered across his sleep
Breathed pride into his walk, power into his hand,
Sweet restlessness into his quiet thought—
Till he who had needed life now needed more;
And so at last he came to the hills again.

Pygmalion, Pygmalion, Pygmalion—
He said in his pride "Thou art wild, and without life!"
Never feeling the warm dispersed quiet of earth,
Or the slow stupendous heart-beat that hills have.

Pygmalion, Pygmalion, Pygmalion—
He wrenched the shining rock from the meadow's
breast,

And out of it shaped the lovely, almost-breathing
Form of his dream of his love of the world's women.
Slim and white was she, whimsical, full of caprice;
Bright sharp in sunlight, languid in shadow of cloud,
Pale in the dawn, and flushed at the end of day.
Staring, he felt of a sudden the quick, fierce urge
Of the will of the grass, and the rock, and the flower-
ing tree;

Knew himself weak and unfulfilled without her —
Knew that he bore his own doom in his breast —
Slave of a stone, unmoving, cold to his touch,
Loving in a stone's way, loving but thrilling never.

In smothering summer silence, pricked with crickets,
Still fell the smiting hammer; happy and loud
Swelled the full-throated song of the adult grass. . .
Full-breasted drooped the tree, heavy with apples. . .
A wind worn lean from leap-frog over the mountains
Spurred the stiff faun-hair of him—whipped desire,
And a bird sang "Faint-faint-faint with love-love-love!"

Blind he stood, while the great sun blundered down
Through planets strung like beads on careless orbits;
Blind to the view that sank like sleep after love,
Miles over blazoned hills to the brazen river,
Ceaselessly changing, color and form and line,
Pomp, blaze, pageantry new to the world's delight. . .

Hot moist hands on the glittering flanks, and eager
Hands following the chill hips, the icy breasts —
Lithe, radiant, belly to swelling stone —
"Galatea!"—blast of whispering flame his throat—
"Galatea! Galatea!"—his entrails molten fire—
"Galatea! Galatea! Galatea!"—mouth to mouth. . .

Light shadows of driven clouds on a summer lake —
Ripples on still ponds, winds that ruffle and pass —
Happy young grass rising to drink the rain —

So Galatea under his kisses stirred;
Like a white moth alighted breath on her lips,
Like a blue rent in a storm-sky opened her eyes,
Sweetly the new blood leaped and sang in her veins,
Dumbly, blindly her hands, breast, mouth sought his. . .

Pygmalion, Pygmalion, Pygmalion —

Rock is she still, and her heart is the hill's heart,
Full of all things beside him—full of wind and bees
And the long falling miles and miles of air.
Despair and gnawing are on him, and he knows her
Unattainable who is born of will and hill—
Far-bright as a plunging full-sailed ship that seems
Hull-down to be set immutable in sea.

LOVE AT SEA

WIND smothers the snarling of the great ships,
And the serene gulls are stronger than turbines;
Mile upon mile the hiss of a stumbling wave
breaks unbroken—
Yet stronger is the power of your lips for my lips.

This cool green fluid death shall toss us living
Higher than high heaven and deeper than sighs —
But O the abrupt, stiff, sloping, resistless foam
Shall not forbid our taking and our giving!

Life wrenched from its roots—what wretchedness!
What waving of lost tentacles like blind sea-things!
Even the still ooze beneath is quick and profound—
I am less and more than I was, you are more and less.

I cried upon God last night, and God was not where
I cried;
He was slipping and balancing on the thoughtless
shifting planes of sea.
Careless and cruel, he will unchain the appalling sea-
grey engines—
But the speech of my body to your body will not be
denied!

DEEP-WATER SONG

THE bounding deck beneath me,
The rocking sky o'erhead,
White, flying spume that whips her boom,
And all her canvas spread.

Her topmast rakes the zenith,
Where planets shoal and spawn,
And to her stride God opens wide
The storm-red gates of dawn!

*Then walk her down to Rio,
Roll her 'cross the line;
Cbinee 'foe's a-tendin' door
Down to Number Nine.
Deep they lie in every sea,
Land's End to the Horn—
For every sailorman that dies
A sailorman is born.*

Along the battered sea-wall,
Our women in the rain
Full wearily have scanned the sea
That brings us not again.

Oh, I'll come home, my dearie—
Aye, one day I'll come home,
With heaped-up hold of Spanish gold
And opals of spun foam.

*Then walk her down to Frisco,
Lay her for Hong-Kong;
Reeling down the water-front
Seven hundred strong.
Deep they lie in every sea,
Land's end to the Horn—
For every sailor-man that dies
A sailorman is born.*

Tall, languid palms that glimmer,
Blossoms beyond belief,
Sea-gods at play in shouting spray
On sun-splashed coral reef.

O falling star at twilight,
O questing sail unfurled,
Through unknown seas I follow these
Down-hill across the world.

*Then walk her down to Sydney,
Through to Singapore;
Dutch Marie and Ysobel
Waitin' on the shore.
Deep they lie in every sea,
Land's end to the Horn—
For every sailorman that dies
A sailorman is born.*

THE WANDERER TO HIS HEART'S DESIRE

HERE you — here I;
Not all the sweetness of your face,
Nor joy of your fair company,
Can bring us to one place.

I think of you —
A picture framed in sombre trees,
Eyes where a gleam of sky breaks through
Grey days on summer seas.

The Western wind
That runs the prairies like a flame,
Bears in his fragrant garments twined
A whisper of your name.

In some far land,
When I desire your comradeship
And the cool frankness of your hand,
The sweetness of your lip,

Then do you send
A blown kiss in the wind's long hair;
And though I sleep at the world's end
Yet will it find me there.

THE MINSTREL OF ROMANCE

STRUM! Strum! Strum! Strum!
Torches guttering, pennons fluttering,
Lances glittering in the night!
At a spiking trot, down from Camelot,
Rideth Lancelot to the fight!
Merrily, merrily, merrily chants
The Minstrel of Romance!

Strum! Strum! Strum! Strum!
Fades the serious world imperious,—
All that weary us are no more,
Love is wonderous, Life is thunderous,
Who shall sunder us evermore!
Merrily, merrily, merrily chants
The Minstrel of Romance!

Strum! Strum! Strum! Strum!
End to maundering; Youth a-squandering,
Let's be wandering wind-swept seas—
White arms amorous, battles clamorous,
Cities glamorous—sing us these!
Merrily, merrily, merrily chants
The Minstrel of Romance!

THE WEDDING RING

“**A**ND what is this you offer me?” quoth Love.
A girdle of Red Gold.
And “Gold!” sneered Love in scorn
(Eyes raining lightnings down)

“Gold!
Am I so tinsel-worn
As to be bought and sold
Like a woman of the town?”

“But why the Ring?” he queried, wondering.
To bind you in the Law.

“Bind *me*!” cried Love, full loud,
(A flame of wrath in his hair)

“Law!
Am I so feeble-bowed
That you must burn me raw
With chains, to keep me there?”

“’Twixt man and maid?” asked Love, incredulous.
Aye—for mayhap you die.

“Die, *I*!” . . . Love spurned the thing,
(Flushing imperially)

“Die!
Nay . . . these that use a Ring
To link them in a lie
Surely deserve not me!”

A FRIEND

WITH tossing plumes wind-flung
And princely blazonings,
Days change and end,—
Nights pale and wane—all things
Are as a song once sung,
Save only you, my Friend.

I have not seen your face,
Nor heard your voice, nor known
The touch of you,—
Yet we are closer grown
In many a quiet place
Than lovers ever grew.

Sometime, somewhere, you'll come,
Clean-eyed from wandering
The world's highways,
Brown with suns' weathering,
With wonder-laughter dumb,—
O Friend of all my days!

A FARMER'S WOMAN

I KNOW a patient, nobly-curving hill
That wears a different paleness every hour;
Copper by sun, grey-velvet through a shower,—
Topaz and mauve,—blue of the heron's quill.
Forever mean-souled ploughmen scar the soil,
And bind, with rambling stony walls, her breast—
Never allow her weary womb to rest,
Nor give a moment's peace for all her toil.

O, if the ploughmen knew what wonders spring
From fields that for a season fallow lie,
Under the healing hand of wind and sky—
Would they not grant her time for flowering!
Her heart is rock. I wonder if her tongue
Knows how to say "I also once was young"?

WINTER NIGHT

HIGH hangs the hollow, ringing shield of heaven,
Embossed with stars. The thin air wounds like
steel,
Stark and resilient as a Spanish blade.
Sharp snaps the rigid lake's mysterious ice,
And the prim, starchy twigs of naked trees
Crackle metallic in an unfelt wind.
A light-poised Damoclean scimitar
The faintly-damascened pale moon. Benumbed
Shrinks the racked earth griped in the hand of Cold.
O hark! Swift, anvil-ringing iron hoofs
Drum down the boreal interstellar space:
The Blue Knight rides, spurring his snorting stallion
Out of the dark side of the frozen moon —
Eyes crueller than a beryl-sheathed crevasse,
Breath like the chilly fog of polar seas,
Glaciers for armor on his breast and thighs,
A polished Alp for helmet, and for plume
The league-long Northern Lights behind him floating,
Wave on wave of prismatic blazoning,
Glorious up the sky!

The Blue Knight rides
With his moon-shimmering, star-tipped lance at rest,—
Drives at the world — Crash! and the brittle globe
Bursts like a crystal goblet,—shivering, falling,—
Shivers, splinters brustling, tinkling, jarring,
Jingling in fading dissonance down the void—
Jangling down the unplumbed void forever. . . .

THE NIGHT SKY

O MYSTIC, delicate chalice of the world,
Jewelled with pallid moons! Exquisite arch
Of the quiet sky; carven 'twixt dusk and dusk
Of smoky Indian jade, a summer night,
By God the Artist, God the deaf and blind,
Who fashions masterpiece on masterpiece,
And through the window of the Universe
Hurls them forever and forever. . . .
Pale cup, wherein all tears and mirth of men
Distil, that men may drink of thee and live—
Thrice-precious grail, that holds the Wine of Earth!

APRIL

April!

Bird-notes in a gust of rain,
Silver trumpets shivering
Spring's steel armament again—
*Hear the world's blood mount and sing
Sweetly on the flowery plain!*

April!

Withers all the grass and dies,
Here the flowers dull and fade—
How shall cities know her guise?
*See this new-met man and maid
Tremble at each other's eyes!*

A SONG FOR MAY

IT seems I have not breathed till now,
Nor felt such deep and still delight;
The wind's a cool hand on my brow,
And I am robed in night—
In high and lordly night.

I want not gold nor silken grace,
Nor to be straw to men's desire;
I'd clasp again my mother's face
Before the evening fire—
The warm, transfiguring fire.

I want not love—alas, I hear
His running feet along the strand—
Ah, woe is me! I fear, I fear
My lover's burning hand—
His hot and eager hand!

JUNE IN THE CITY

THIS rock-rimmed Northern land is ringed with
bloom;
Each night the warm sky hovers soft and low
Above young strolling lovers—and I know
That on far beaches drives the sea-salt spume.

Oh for a strength of flowering to thrust
Green leaves up through this iron city street!
Brown thrushes in the twilight, and a sweet
Clean wind to sweep the dim stars free from dust!

OCTOBER

LANGUOROUS with heavy haze
Sinks the scarlet sun. A drowsy hush
Hangs above the city ways,
And stills their rush.

Smoky mist of forest fires
Greyly palls the distance. Pines long dead
Smoulder deep like dead desires—
Their gaunt arms spread.

Golden-red the honeyed moon,
Swarmed about with golden bees, hangs low,
Climbing to her silver noon
With blood-like glow—

Wierdly floats the echo down,
Tom-toms faintly throbbing far away,
Through the haze from Chinatown
Across the bay. . .

THE DESERT

THIS solemn waste is hushed forevermore,
And nothing lives, but on the shifting sand
Lost souls trace with imponderable hand
The hieroglyphics of their mystic lore.
Like ruins of some old, Titanic war
The shattered desert lies; nor wakes the land
Save to the thunder's furious saraband,
When armored lightning smites the rocky floor.
All night the caravans of stars go by
In silence. Still the sombre wasteland keeps
Its lonely watch while all high heaven sleeps,
And the lone moon is drowsy in the sky. . . .

How delicate the trembling thrill that leaps
From heart to heart as the pale star-fires die !

COYOTE SONG.

A-OO, my brothers, the moon is red,
And the antelope starts from his prairie bed—
Then join ye again in the ancient threne
For the day that's dead,
And the hunt that's fled,
And the terror of things unseen!

Afar, afar on the starlit plain
Our fathers howled where the deer had lain,
And hung on the flanks of the bison run—
For the bull that fell
In the wild pell-mell
Had died ere the night was done!

No more the warrior rides his raids,
And the hunting-star of the prairie fades;
While a fiery comet tears the night,
With a crimson streak—
And a demon shriek—
All ablaze with the white man's light!

But oft when the winter winds are high,
We hear on the prairie the bellowed cry
And the rumbling hoofs of the bison run—
But we seek in vain
Through the empty plain,
For the buffalo days are done. . . .

A-oo, my brothers! The stars are red,
And the lean coyote must mourn unfed.
Come join ye again in the ancient croon—
For the dawn is grey
And another day
Has faded the red, red moon. . . .

FORGETFULNESS

Adapted from the French of Hérédia.

THE temple falls to ruin on the cape,
And utter sleep has mingled with the mold
The marble gods and paladins of old,—
Locked in the prison whence is no escape,
Sometimes the lonely herdsman drives his kine
To the clear lake, and wakes the ancient pain,
Clear-cut against the far horizon-line.
The kindly earth guards well its old regime,
And each Spring, vainly eloquent, doth dower
The broken pillar with a new-born flower:
But man, unheedful of his father's dream,
Fears not to hear each night, unchangingly,
The vast, eternal sorrow of the sea.

THE SLAVE

Adapted from the French of Hérédia.

THUS, naked, frightful, gaunt without food,
A Slave,—my body still retains the scars,—
I was born free, where, rising toward the stars,
Old honeyed Hybla lifts his mountain hood.
Alas, I left the happy isle; O friend,
If ever, following the swans' Spring flight,
Your galley's course toward Syracuse shall tend,
Seek her who was my love and my delight.
Is it ordained that I shall ever see
Her somber violet eyes, her heavenly smile,
Caught from the sky when all the gods were young?
Be merciful. Go! seek Cleariste for me,
And tell her to await me yet a while—
Know her you will, for she is always sad.

THE TRAVELER

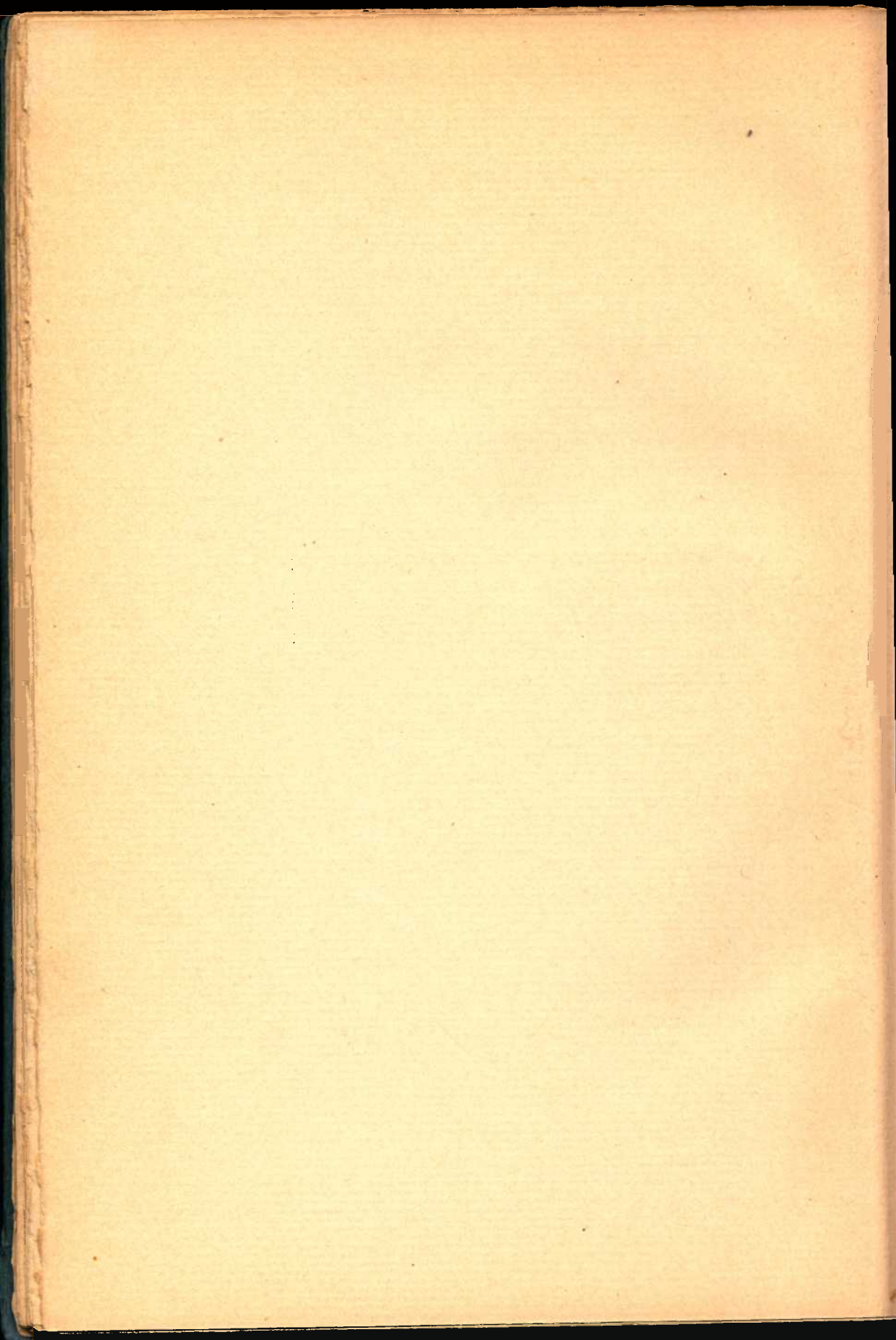
Adapted from the French of Hérédia.

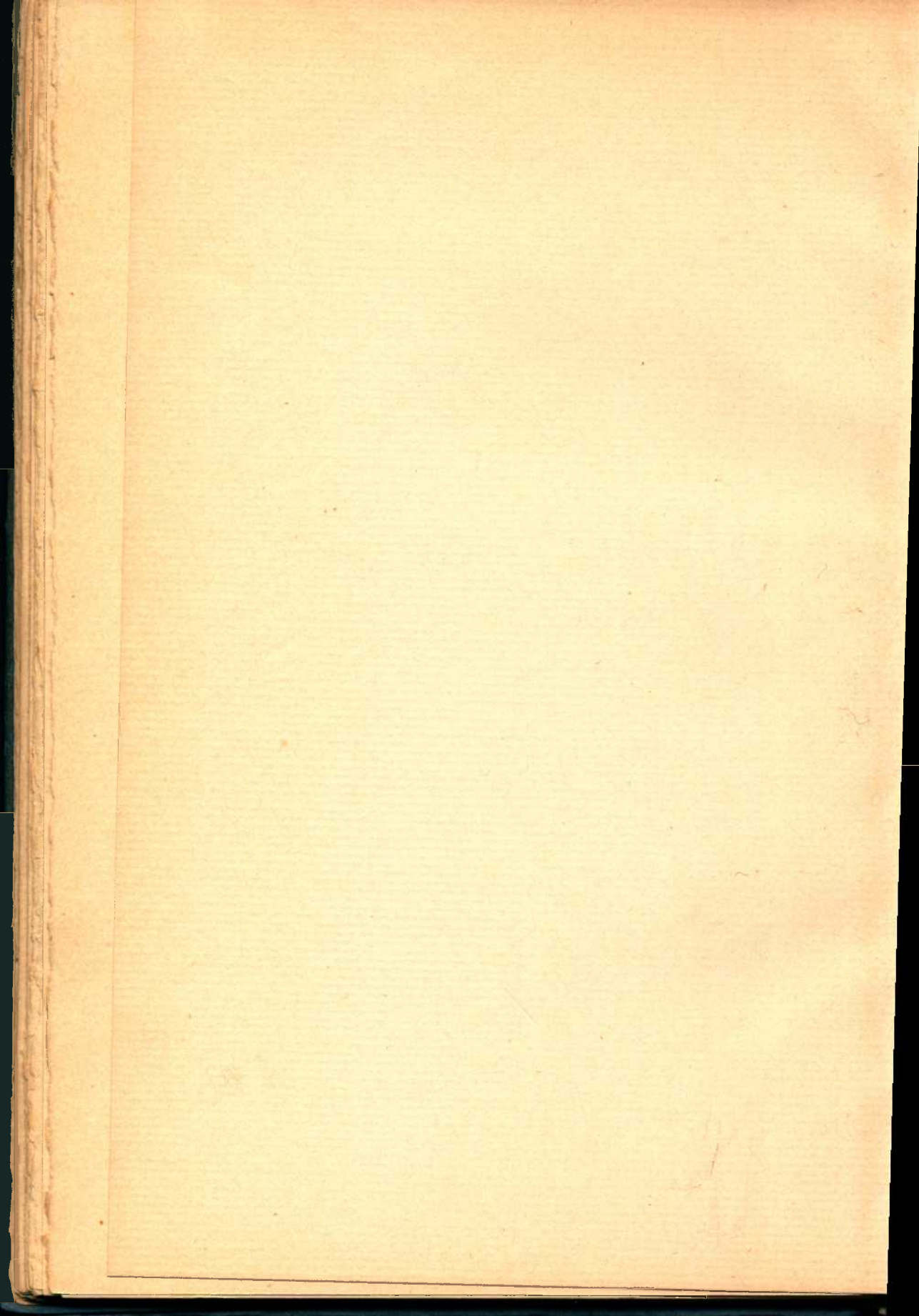
HE sailed from Egypt under pleasant skies,
Proud of his ship, and gazing toward the South,
Where Pharos faded at the harbour-mouth;
Nor did he heed Arcturus on the rise.
No more he'll see the Alexandrine mole—
But in the barren sand of some far shore,
Where one lone tree is wind-tossed evermore,
The storm has carved a chamber for his soul.

Laid in the deepest hollow of the dune,
The Traveler has found his rest at last,
Forever wrapped in starless, breathless night—
So still he lies beneath the Grecian moon.
Above his body, whence the fire has passed,
O Sea be silent, and O Earth be light!

LIST OF POEMS

TAMBURLAINE	-	-	-	-	-	9
SANGAR -	-	-	-	-	-	11
A DEDICATION	-	-	-	-	-	14
TO MY FATHER -	-	-	-	-	-	15
A HYMN TO MANHATTAN	-	-	-	-	-	16
THE FOUNDATION OF A SKYSCRAPER	-	-	-	-	-	17
PYGMALION -	-	-	-	-	-	18
LOVE AT SEA	-	-	-	-	-	21
DEEP WATER SONG -	-	-	-	-	-	22
THE WANDERER TO HIS HEART'S DESIRE	-	-	-	-	-	24
THE MINSTREL OF ROMANCE	-	-	-	-	-	25
THE WEDDING RING	-	-	-	-	-	26
A FRIEND -	-	-	-	-	-	27
A FARMER'S WOMAN	-	-	-	-	-	28
WINTER NIGHT	-	-	-	-	-	29
THE NIGHT SKY -	-	-	-	-	-	30
APRIL	-	-	-	-	-	31
A SONG FOR MAY	-	-	-	-	-	32
JUNE IN THE CITY	-	-	-	-	-	33
OCTOBER	-	-	-	-	-	34
THE DESERT	-	-	-	-	-	35
COYOTE SONG	-	-	-	-	-	36
FORGETFULNESS	-	-	-	-	-	37
THE SLAVE	-	-	-	-	-	38
THE TRAEVLER	-	-	-	-	-	39





RALPH CHAPLIN
1761 Rosemary Street
Denver 8, Colorado

